

In Those Final Moments

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Summary: Voyaging to a land that has never laid eyes on a dragon before, Hiccup, Valka, and Gobber prepare to show them their own in hopes of changing their lives for the better. But little does Hiccup know that his mother is hiding something from him, and that their time together is running out. One-shot, mini-series.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon."**

****Author's Note:** Greetings, readers! Lately I've been feeling the need to write this and so, here it is! This will be a short story that will consist of about five chapters. If all goes well, I should have a new chapter up each day.**

* * *

><p>Part One:

So Many Years

Some problems are easy, while others, formidable. But the most frustrating and most difficult ones to solve are those that are unknownâ€"for there is no worse enemy than the unknown.

They had been on the sea for a little over a week, sailing in a makeshift boat to an island that has never before seen dragons. Their primary goal: To show them of their ways and bring them into their lives.

It was a fairly large shipâ€"though not large enough to avoid the feeling of the persistent bobbing of the rocking vessel as the waves turned it.

Hiccup lay on his small cushion of a bed, small pillow of feathers

supporting his back as he read a small book of sailing. Betraying boredom, he groaned and tossed the book on the wooden floor. It echoed in the small crowded quarter. The room had no purpose as far as he was concernedâ€”the ceiling was too low, the walls were too close together, and the small excuse for a window offered no relief from the unbearable heat that mustered between him and his dragon. Speaking of which, barely fit, and took up the remaining space, only providing him the space on his bed to lie down on. And he had to endure this for two more weeks.

Sweat began to ball up on his forehead; it was at night that the space got hot, a climax of all the gathered heat from the day. He stared at the ceiling, "Bud, if this ends up taking more than two weeks, I want you to kill me." The dragon turned his head at the remark, confused as to why his rider would want to be harmed.

The frail wooden door in front of him slammed open and an ugly lump of a man lurched in it, arms cradling a stack of weapons up to his eyeballs.

"Geez, Gobber, you don't need to break down my door," He said, gripping his chest from the startle.

The tower of weapons clanked as he adjusted his arms for a better view. "So it's sass for our elders today, eh? Well, your mother's looking for you." He stopped a moment and let out a breath, "Great Odin's beard, it's hot in here! Why don't you open a window, lad?"

"It is open," He replied flatly.

He huffed, "Well I don't envy you! And I certainly don't envy your dragon! Poor thing must be on the verge of death!" He noted the way the dragon laid; fatigued, tongue flopped out onto the floor. "Why don't you have him stay with the other dragons?"

"Because he wants to be with me, and why are we sailing to this island with the dragons on top where everyone can see them? I thought the whole point of this was to be subtle."

"We are!" he said joyfully, "By not flying in we're appearing to them as less of a threat."

"Yeah, 'cause we'll all be dead by time we get there." He muttered.

"Now don't be glum, boy!"

He thought it funny, Gobber's words. How could one remain positive when cramped on a tiny boat for weeks? The old man must have endured much through his life.

In a motion he leaped from his bed, landed by the door. "C'mon, bud, let's follow Gobber."

The dragon stood, rolled the tongue back into his mouth and followed.

They walked down a narrow hallway, doors thrown evenly about. There was one at the end that led to the deck, then one next to it. That

was his mother's.

As they walked, Hiccup heard Gobber humming a tune.

'Oh, the Deadly Nadder

Tastes great on a platter,

And is better served by a jury!

But if death you desire

And heart of pure fire,

Then try the head of a Night Fury!'

Hiccup, who was baffled by the song, sent him a look, "What was that?"

"Ah, it was an old tune Stoick and I used to singâ€¦ good times." Nostalgia was written all over his features.

"Y'know if my mother heard you sing that, she'd have your remaining limbs cut off and decorate the great hall with 'em."

He stopped and shook his leg, "It'd make for poor decorations, if you ask me."

Hiccup smiled at his good-natured attitude. He knew that it was the reason he like Gobber ever since he was small. He was a friend for life.

Their laughter continued down the length of the hall, eventually reaching the door that led to his mother's quarters. He knocked lightly on the thin wood, then looked at the teetering man in a smirk, "See? That's how you knock on a door."

His head moved from behind the pile, "Again, the sass continues!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes at him, though he had to laugh at the sightâ€¦a talking pile of weapons was lecturing him.

At that moment a voice came from within the door, "Come in," it called, sounding agitated.

Hiccup let his head droop back in dread; when his mother was in this mood, all beware!

Gobber noticed the tone as well, shifting his pile to weakly pat him on the back, "Good luck, lad! You're gonna need it!"

He turned to face him, "You're not staying?"

"Is there reason to stay?"

Hiccup sent him a look.

Even though he could not see it, Gobber could feel the expression on his face, "Lad, I've dealt with fierce dragons; lost my limbs to

them, but never, have I faced anything as frightening as that woman when she's angry. It's probably the most effective thing she could throw again an enemy." He then paused in thought, "And maybe also her cooking!" He shuttered at the memories that floated his mind.

It was true, little frightened the lout. So hearing such words come from this man whom he admired for his Gallantry, reminded him of her fury. Even though he thought the man was exaggerating slightly.

"I've just got a wee question for her, then I'll be off! And I'll be able to drop this gods-awful load!" he adjusted his arms yet again.

Hiccup sighed, noticing that his mother had not responded to him being still out in the hall. _Justâ€¦ great!_

It wasn't until the dragon touched his hand and he recoiled, that he remembered Toothless was with them.

Gobber laughed at him, "Scare ya, did he?"

"Forgot he was here," He said, petting the dragon's apologetic head. He had not meant to scare his friend, only to cheer him up. And now Gobber was picking on him because of it.

"It's okay, bud, it's not your fault." He assured. It's not? Well you seemed to have jumped when I touched your hand.

Their connection was severed by the impatient Viking, "Lad, you goin' in, this pile's not gettin' lighter?"

"Yeah." He nodded, then in a push of the thin wood, the door gently slid open.

The room was small, like his, and had a small bed in its likeness. Across from it, Valka sat at a small desk which was harnessed into the wall, candles burning in the specific metal holders at its ends.

Her brow set heavily on an array of scattered papers, an erratic hand clutching a tree-twigg utensil as its charcoal patterns pressed deep into the pages as she wrote.

Gobber stood just in the doorway as he spoke, "Good evenin'. You're son's here, and I'm ready to deliver the weapons. Where do ya want them?"

She kept her gaze firm on the papers, "In the storage room at the end of the hall." She said detached.

Hiccup could hear the man slump in a deadpan. He had to walk all the way back down the hall!

He hid a sigh and thanked her, staggering around as he took off.

They were alone now.

A sudden apprehension came over him as he scratched the back of his

head. What should he say? How should he approach this situation?
Maybe I can lighten up the atmosphere?

He glanced back at Toothless's curious head as he began, "Soâ€|
momâ€| where's Cloudjumper?"

Still not pulling her gaze, she said, "Don't be naÃ¬ve, son, a dragon
his size would not fit in here."

Guess that's not going to work. "Ohâ€|" he trailed off not wanting
to continue. Her silence was not that of patience, but of focus. He
knew that if he said nothing she would most likely forget his
presence. Knowing that the longer he waited, the worse it would be,
he forced the question, "So you wanted to see me?" he asked with a
hint of caution in his tone.

"I wanted to make sure you're ready for this." She said.

He detected the stiff, almost rehearsed tone and remembered that this
was his mother he was talking to. He pushed aside his fear and asked,
"Mom, are you all right?"

She sighed. It was a sigh that sounded as if it had been bottled up
for years. Finally standing, her attention was directed to the small
window. Resting her hand on the wall next to it, she looked out,
watching the pillars of moonlight descend from the clouds onto
patches of ocean.

"Hiccup," she began. Her voice bore the weight of something he could
tell he did not want to hear. "How are you so fearless?"

Her question caught him off guard, "What do you mean?"

She shook her head, "Nothing, it'sâ€"just my mind talking."

Her response was off; he heard the effort behind it. _What's there to
fear about this island?_ He thought. He had never seen his mother
like this and it honestly scared him.

He cleared his throat, "Mom, don't worry about this place we're going
to. We've got our dragons, and we're not afraid to use them! Right,
bud?" The Night Fury turned his head at the question. He too was
concerned with how his mother was behaving. It wasn't like her; she
usually was excited to show people the love and compassion of
dragons. Thisâ€"this was not her.

He couldn't see her sad smile out the window, but when she turned
around to face him, he saw the sleep-deprived tiredness in her
eyes.

She stood looking at him for a moment, as if trying to build up the
strength to ask something. Finally, she began, "Do you miss your
father?"

The unexpected question smacked him hard, whipping his eyebrows up.
He blinked, "Yes." He said, "Of course I miss him! Why do you ask?"
What does my father have to do with any of this?

She shrugged, "I just feel sorrow for you. He raised you, was there
for you when you needed him most!"

He turned his head, thought: _Has she lost her mind?_ "Mom, don't worry, I have you _and_ I have Toothless." He patted the cooing dragon's head. "Sure I miss him, but as long as I've got you two, I'll be happy!"

At that moment an uninvited memory of his father entered his mind. It was a memory he had not experienced since his father was still alive. He was sitting atop Toothless when he felt his father's hand grasp his, the weight of love in his eyes as the words came, "I'm proud to call you my son."

He smiled at the memory, for once seeing how great a man he was and how he too, had problems.

She studied his face, asked, "What're you thinking about?" She already knew the answer.

He slowly looked up at her, "Him." He said acceptingly.

She smiled warmly and nodded, "That's good to know."

Toothless seemed to know too, giving his soft, tender face a lick. Normally he would have wiped it off, but he felt the sincerity behind it, knew that it wasn't a playful gesture, but a sympathetic one.

A loud clinkering crash sounded from down the hall, grabbing their attentions. A storm of shouting and cussing ensued. Hiccup couldn't help but laugh at it along with his mother.

"Gobber." They both said.

"I'd better go help him!" Hiccup said.

She nodded, "Good idea."

She watched as her son quickly whirled around and ran out of the room, Toothless following from the hallway. She smiled softly as she walked to her bed side. She reached under the bed and pulled out a small sewn child's toy. She hugged it tightly as her eyes began to quiver, a tear sliding out. _Hiccup has such a happy soul! How can I tell him that I'm dying?_

2. Chapter 2

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><p>Part Two:**
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Dawn of a New Day

Hiccup tossed and turned in his bed as his dreams tormented him. He dreamt of his father; dreamt that he was alive and with them. His father looking over the horizon, watching the sun set as he always would. But in his dreams he would never be able to talk to him; there was always something obstructing his path. And he would always be in

a hurry to reach him, because once the sun would set, he would disappear. The sun always set before he could reach him.

He awoke to a gentle nudge by Toothless; his big green eyes the only thing visible in the pre-dawn room. He knew he must have been calling out in his sleep. He always would when having that dream. He smiled in the dark room, "I'm okay, bud, thanks." He rubbed the Night Fury's head; the dragon cooing into it. He always seemed to know when he was thinking about his father, and as mysterious as it was, he was grateful, for Toothless offered compassion for him whenever it had him feeling down.

I am so lucky to have a friend as great as, Toothless! He thought, staring into the dragon's eyes.

The Night Fury seemed to read his thoughts and gave him a lick on the cheek, to which Hiccup wiped off in a laugh.

Settling, Toothless lay in his new position, head resting on the bed, by Hiccup's. _He must think I need the comfort_, he thought. _Such a good friend!_ He rubbed the dragon's head resting next to his pillow, eyes still open watching him. _He'll probably stay awake till I fall asleepâ€¦_ if it could peacefully come_.

Toothless huffed at him, eyes fall to the pillow. Rest I say!

Hiccup received the message clearly, and reclining, he let his head drift into the pillow, eyes meeting the delighted dragon's. He didn't normally sleep on his left side, but the loving gaze of his best friend, kept him there. For the first time in his life he saw the dragon's large, governing eyes, read: you're not alone. It was a piece of him he felt missing for his entire life until that very moment. And for the first time in a long time, he fell into peaceful slumber.

When he awakened the next morning, he saw Toothless's head still resting next to his, eyes still closed. He lay there for a moment, recollecting his dreams.

He met the natives of the island they were questing for. He could recall their strange clothing; angular, yet thin. And then their reactions when his dragon soared in: pure amazement. They marveled at the way a creature as big and intimidating as a dragon could have such a warm heart and harvest such a deep connection with a human counterpart. Why, they were so enthralled by the spectacle, they expressed of their desire to have dragons of their own.

He smiled at the dream which was now a part of the past, only hoping that the real encounter will go down that way. He looked at the slumbering Night Fury, thought: _How could anyone live without a dragon?_

The dragon, must have felt his breathing, because not a moment later, his eyes fluttered open to see the smile of a well rested friend.

The joy radiated from Toothless's face as he hopped up and began to wag his tail. Hiccup knew what he wanted.

"Oh, you want to go flying, bud, is that it?" The Night Fury panted

in excitement. He smirked, feeling the rush of energy through his veins. "All right then, bud, let's go see if mom and Cloudjumper want to join."

The Dragon whirled around as Hiccup darted from his bed and into the hallway, their running ending abruptly outside of her door. He knocked gently, as if the pounding of their feet had not already awakened her.

Not hearing her welcome, he opened the door anyway, his eyes falling on her, awake sitting at her desk.

He entered cautiously, "Uh, mom?"

She stopped her work, and whipped around to face him, surprise on her features, "Oh, Hiccup, I didn't hear you! How're you doing?"

"Good." He said, quickly shifting to the topic at hand, "So, umm, I was wonderingâ€”would you like to go on a quick morning flight?" he asked, a hopeful smile on his face.

She noted the energy in his tone, thought: _Hmm, he got a good night's rest. But unfortunately I did not._ She shook her head regretfully, "Sorry, I'm just not feelin' up to it, now. Didn't get much sleep last night."

Odd, he thought, _the night I actually get sleep, my mother does not._ He tried to hide his disappointment in a smile. "Okayâ€”maybe tomorrow, then!"

She returned the smile, fully knowing of his falsehood, "Tomorrow."

He then whipped out the door before she could blink, leaving her only to shake her head. _Time goes by so fast._

The feeling of the wind in his hair was one he always enjoyed, especially when he was on Toothless. The dragon went so fast and so slickly that nothing else compared, not by a long shot.

Despite the rigged cold that lingered from the night, he let his arms flail from his chest. He then brought to mind what his mother had said when he first reunited with her: "When I'm up here, I don't even feel the coldâ€”" He smiled at his friend, "I feel free." He finished.

The Night Fury barked him from his reverie and spiraled downward, Hiccup's body position shifting back as the force of the air pushed on him, an exhilarating experience to say the least.

The white-caps of waves became visible as they rapidly descended toward them, then once they were close enough, he snapped his leg forward in a quick adjustment of the tailfin and they glided just above the surface of the water. He could do that every day, for a thousand years and never grow tired of it, Hiccup thought as he let his finger tips drift in the blurred water.

Clicking his prosthetic into place, he ascended back into the sky, then an audacious smirk crept onto his face, he looked back to the dragon's spinal line, "You know, bud, mom always says that "the

impetus of a Night Fury is to be reckoned with." Let's prove that true."

Toothless's eyes set in a monolith as his mouth curved into an eager smirk. The fins on his back began to part into their v-shape. A purr of excitement rumbled from his throat as they rocketed into a sea of tightly packed trees on a small, uninhabited isle. In those moments of quick evasion, Hiccup never really could see what was happening; he just impulsively adjusted the tailfin in the direction Toothless moved. It was like a well-rehearsed maze—the more one practices, the faster they become. And he was the fastest in that regard.

Once they had reached the end of the labyrinth, Hiccup threw his arms back and cheered, patting his friend on the head as the dragon shut his eyes and dove into the water.

"Wait, Toothless don't—" He was submerged before he finished, coming up on the other side with a pouting frown cemented on his face.

"And, now I'm wet!" He shook his arms of the water; saw the wide smiling face looking at him. Slowly, a smile made its way onto his face. How could he stay mad at that face?

He playfully shook the dragon's head, "You think you're funny do ya?"

The dragon laughed like a monstrous seal. He crossed his arms; "Well I'll tell you one thing—" he stopped short, something catching his eye. He leaned his weight into his arms as he poised them on the dragon's head.

On an approaching isle, he caught what appeared to be a dragon with strange wings; large with sharp angles and curling horns atop its head.

"Is that a dragon?" Toothless turned his head in the direction of the reference, spotting something as well.

"Let's check it out." Hiccup said and closing his tail fin, he soared toward the sands.

They landed roughly on the golden sands, Hiccup falling flat on his face as he excitedly ran across the unstable surface. Toothless helped him up, turning his head at the boy.

It took Hiccup a moment to realize that he was staring at the sand that had caked to his wet face and body. He scraped what he could off and continued toward the dragon in question. The contained excitement had reached an almost unbearable level within him and Toothless began to fear that the boy's eyes were going to pop out of his head.

Peering from a rock, he laid his eyes on the creature, mouth agape to let in a gasp. Toothless regarded the dragon cautiously, yelping at his rider when he slid down the rock toward it, scrambling to get to his side.

Hiccup had an instinct to endanger himself and give loved ones heart attacks, and Toothless let him know, by smacking him upside the head

with his tail.

Hiccup rubbed the spot, turning his hands up at the frowning reptile, a silent "What?" formed his lips.

He continued toward the massive dragon: a deep aqua color, wings of sharp angles, he nodded, "Class three Leviathan." He said, writing his notebook.

He drew the winged creature, capturing its majestic essence—its long marine bottom jaw teeth that protruded from the under bite, the four thin horizontal nostrils, the curved horns that winded forward in a smooth manner. Then the rest of its body—large, like most water dragons, scaly, and a heavily finned, flowing tail, which undoubtedly was the key factor in its swimming navigation.

"Boy is mom gonna regret not coming with me!" He said as he documented the dragon, which Toothless made sure he kept a safe distance from.

In a huff of the magnificent creature, Toothless stiffened, wings preparing to cover his friend if need be. Even though he was the alpha, he still feared that if he was too slow to react, his friend might be seriously hurt or worse—

At the awakening, Hiccup closed his journal, watching the dragon slowly turn its head to see him. Its slender pupils studied him and the dragon beside. He seemed to notice that he was the alpha and bowed in respect.

"He knows you're the alpha," Hiccup breathed. Daringly he took a step forward toward the mighty leviathan.

The dragon looked up to him and drew back in apprehension.

"No no, it's okay!" He assured. The dragon seemed hesitant at first, but in the flash of his eyes to Toothless's he seemed to gain trust, allowing Hiccup's hand to touch his head.

"Wow," He said breathlessly, Toothless by his side, but having eased up at the sense of trust he could feel radiating from the other dragon.

"This is amazing, I have to tell mom about this!"

* * *

><p>Later that evening when he flew back to the ship, he saw Gobber waiting for him, an irritated look on his face.<p>

"Mornin' flight, eh?" he said accusingly.

"I know, I know! Sorry."

"Aye, well, I should make you cook dinner, since you kept us!"

"I'm sorry Gobber, I won't do it again. Promise."

"You bet it won't! Now, come here, your mother's waiting."

He followed the man over to a small fire pit, his mother stoking it.

He rushed toward her, "Mom, you're not gonna believe what I found today!"

She looked up at him and offered a smile, "Oh, really?" Her tone sounded detached.

"Yeah, it was a new dragon, a type of leviathan, it was _amazing!_"

She just nodded, "That's nice, son." She returned her attention to the fire.

His enthusiasm faded, a confused look swept his features. He didn't understand. His mother would always be all over him with questions of a new dragon, but now, nothing. Something was wrong.

"Mom. Everything all right? You seem upset."

"Oh, I'm justâ€¦ tired." _He has to find out sooner or later._

It was in that moment when he noticed the look Cloudjumper was giving herâ€”his low, sad eyes drooping down in concern for the riderâ€”that he realized it was more than tiredness that put her in such a mood. But he couldn't put a finger on what it could be.

He ate dinner in silence that night, his mind mulling over the possibilities of his mother's recent behavior. It seemed to have concerned Gobber as well, for he caught the lout, glancing concernedly at her. And when he went to his room, and sat on his bed, he felt the urge to ameliorate, "She has such an irrepressible spirit. It has to be something bad to get her feeling down, and we're gonna find out!"

End
file.